University of Alberta Department of Music presents...

THE SOUNDING SEA

Master of Music Conducting Recital by Irene Apanovitch

University of Alberta Graduate Recital Choir and

String Orchestra

November 10, 2010

Programme

Fair Nymphs	John Farmer (1570-1605)
Zwei Liebchen (from *Sechs Gesänge*, Op. 108, no 5)	Josef Rheinberger (1839-1901)
Auf dem See (Op. 41, no 6)	Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
La Nuit en Mer (from *Trois Chansons Bretonnes*) Denis Arseneau, piano	Henk Badings (1907-1987)
The Great Sea *	Imant Raminsh (1943 -)

— INTERMISSION —

Salve Regina Kimberley Taylor, soprano solo	David N. Childs (1969 -)
Ave Maris Stella	Trond Kverno (1945 -)
Los Rios Acuden ^ Rob Curtis, baritone solo	Raimundo Gonzalez (1984 -)
The Sounding Sea	Eric WilliamBarnum (1979 -)

* Canadian composer

^ World Premiere

Fair Nymphs
(Anonymous, from Triumphs of Oriana, 1601)

Fair nymphs, I heard one telling,
Diana's train are hunting in this chase.
to beautify the place,
The fawns are running,
The shepherds their pipes tuning,
To show their cunning.
The lambs amazed leave off their grazing,
And blind their eyes with gazing,
Whilst the earth's goddess doth draw near your places,
Attended by the Muses and the Graces.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana
Long live fair Oriana.

Auf dem See
(J.W. von Goethe 1749-1832)

And fresh sustenance, new blood
I soak up from the wide world;
How sweet and good is nature
Which holds me to her bosom!
The waves rock our little boat
In time with the oars,
And mountains, cloud-capped heavenwards,
Meet our circling course.
Eyes, my eyes, why are you cast down?
Golden dreams, do you come again?
Away, you dream, however golden;
Here too is love and life.
And fresh sustenance, new blood
I soak up from the wide world;
How sweet and good is nature
Which holds me to her bosom!
The waves rock our little boat
In time with the oars,
And mountains, cloud-capped heavenwards,
Meet our circling course.

Zwei Liebchen
(Eduard Morike 1804-1875)

A small ship floated on the Danube,
In it sat bride and groom.
He here, she there.
She spoke: "Beloved, tell me,
What shall I give you as a keepsake?"
She tucked back her little arm
And reached into the fresh water.
The boy did the same,
laughing and joking happily.
"Ah, beautiful wife Done
give me a pretty ornament!"
She drew out a beautiful sword
that the boy had for desired a long time.
Now, the boy, what held he in his hand?
A milk-white, delightful string of pearls.
He crowned his wife with his gift,
She looked like a Princess.
The boy asked again,
"Ah, beautiful wife Done,
Give me another pretty ornament."
She reached in for a second time
and brought out a helmet of bright steel
The boy too reached in,
this time taking out a gold comb.
As Done reached in for the third time...
Ah! Woe! She fell from the boat!
The boy jumped to save her
Trying to pull her from the water:
Oh, how she regrets her jewellery now
Which brought an end to them both.
As the little boat empty surged down the river,
The sun sank behind the mountains,
And when the moon stood in heaven,
The darlings swam dead to the land.
He here, she there.

La Nuit en Mer
(Théodore Botrel 1868-1925)

The breeze swells our sail.
Behold, the first stars twinkling upon the waves that rock us,
Friends, let us sail the night in silence.
All noises have been stilled.
It seems that everything on earth is dead:
Humans as well as things, birds as well as roses, all are asleep.
But the sea, it is Living.
It is the immensity constantly shifting,
Taking the piers by storm disdainful by night and by day
Except for her, nothing exists but the big lighthouse and its sad reflection.
At the best place my friends, let us now throw our net
Then, our sails furled foreheads bare beneath the stars, we will sleep!
Dream upon the deep peace of all whom we love in the world below
Let us sleep upon our schooners.
As in our childhood cradles and tomorrow, at high tide,
we will return to the shore triumphant!

The Great Sea
(Anonymous, from Hudson Bay Eskimos)

The great sea has sent me adrift.
It moves me as the weed in a great river.
Earth and the great weather move me.
Have carried me away.
And move my inward parts with joy.

Salve Regina
(Adhemar Bishop of Le Puy-en-Velay d. 609)

Hail, Oh Queen, Mother of mercy; our life, our sweetness, and our hope: hail!

To thee we cry, poor banished children of Eve.
To thee we send up our sighs, groaning and weeping in this valley of tears.

Hasten therefore, our Advocate, and turn your merciful eyes toward us.

And show us Jesus, the blessed fruit
Of your womb, after this exile.

Oh merciful, O pious,
Oh sweet Virgin Mary.

Ave Maris Stella
(St. Bernard de Clairvaux 1090-1153)

Hail ocean`s star,
God's mother dear,
Likewise ever a virgin,
Blest heavenly gate.

Receiving that Ave from Gabriel's lips
Settle us in peace,
Reversing Eva's name.

Loose their chains for the guilty,
Bring forth Light for the blind:
Woes of ours dispel,
Good in all things ask for us.

Show thyself to be a Mother:
May He receive through thee our prayers,
Who for us was born and designed to be Thy Son.

Virgin all excelling,
Among all most meek,
Us from sin set free,
Meek make thou and chaste.

Life on us bestow that is pure,
A way prepare that is safe
In order that seeing Jesus,
Always we may rejoice.

Be praise to God the Father,
To Most High Christ be praise,
And to the Spirit Holy,
To the Three be honor equally.
Amen.

Los Ríos Acuden
(Pablo Neruda 1904-1973)

Beloved of the rivers, beset
by azure water and transparent drops,
like a tree of veins your spectre
of dark goddess biting apples:
and then awaking naked
to be tattooed by the rivers,
and in the wet heights your head
filled the world with new dew.
Water rose to your waist.
You are made of wellsprings
and lakes shone on your forehead.
From your source of density you drew
water like vital tears
and hauled the river-beds to the sand
across planetary night,crossing
rough, dilated stone,
breaking down on the way
all the salt of geology,
cutting through forests of compact walls,
dislodging the muscles of quartz.

The Sounding Sea
(G.W. Curtis 1824-1892)

O listen to the sounding sea
That beats on the remorseless shore,
O listen! for that sound will be
When our wild hearts shall beat no more.
O listen well and listen long!
For sitting folded close to me,
You could not hear a sweeter song
Than that hoarse murmur of the sea.

Musicians

Choir

Soprano
Kimberley Taylor
Gianna Read
Kaylee Rudiger
Joelle Lemmen
Alison Norris

Alto
Tammy-Jo Mortensen
Olivia Chow
Abra Whitney
Svetlana Remnyakova
Rosie Kilgannon
Marianne Alacoque

Tenor
Ksenia Maryniak
Raimundo Gonzalez
Sean McMann
Adam Ferland
Stephen McKay
Anthony Wynne

Bass
Rob Curtis
Harlan Kenneth
Colin Labadie
Anatolyi Urvanov
Matthew Knight
Spencer Marsden

Instrumentalists

Denis Arseneau—Piano

Marie Krejcar—Violin I
Arlan Vriens—Violin I
Amanda Alstad—Violin II
Misun Choi—Violin II
Julia Hui—Viola
Jonathan Styles—Viola
Kathleen de Caen—Cello
Lisa Lin—Cello
Robyn Reekie—Double Bass

Tyson Oatway—Guitar
Allyson MacIvor—Cajon

About the Conductor...

Irene Apanovitch began to study music at the age of five in her birth city of Minsk, Belarus. Since then, she has completed a Bachelor in Music Education at the University of Toronto where she was the chosen recipient of the Lloyd Bradshaw Award in Choral Conducting. Her conducting mentors include Dorren Rao, Ivars Taurins, Lydia Adams, Zimfira Poloz and Agnes Grossmann.

Irene has participated in numerous conducting workshops and masterclasses across Canada and Europe. Irene is currently completing her graduate studies in choral conducting at the University of Alberta under the mentorship of Dr. Debra Cairns and Dr. Leonard Ratzlaff. Irene has received the John and Logie Drew Scholarship in Choral Conducting and is the current recipient of the Queen Elizabeth II Graduate Scholarship.

Acknowledgements

I'd like to give profound thanks to the following individuals:

Mama & Papa—I owe everything to your love and limitless support, without which I could never accomplish my goals and design my dreams.

Lena, Dedushka, and the rest of my family—Thank you for caring about what I do and supporting my growth as a musician. I miss you and wish you were all here to be with me on this day!

Mrs. Petrea—Thank you for encouraging me to play the piano. You opened my heart and mind to the wonder of music-making, and for that I will always be grateful to you.

Dr. Cairns—You are the best teacher and role model that I could have asked for. Thank you for believing in me and helping me realize my potential.

Dr. Ratzlaff—Your passion and dedication to choral art and to teaching inspires me to become the best conductor that I can possibly be.

Friends— Monika, Maria, Shak, Amandeep, Jacques & Isabelle, Ned, Kimberley, Matt M.—you are the backbone without which I wouldn't be the person that I am. I'd like to also thank all of the wonderful friends in my life that this tiny space simply wouldn't fit—thank you for always being there for me and for making my life beautiful.

Last but not least, I'd like to thank my choir and instrumentalists—your hard work, great attitude, and exceptional musicianship made these past eight weeks the most memorable and rewarding time of my life. Thank you.

Thank you for attending this recital.

Please join us for a reception following the concert in the Arts Lounge.